

A pleasant Song of the valiant Deeds of Chivalry, atchieved by
noble Knight. Sir *Guy of Warwick*, who, for the love of fair *Phelis*, became
a Hermite and lived in a Cave of a craggie Rock, a mile distant from *Warwick*.
To the tune of, *Was ever man?*



WAs ever knight, for Ladies sake,
so tost in love as Sir Guy?
For Phelis faire, that Lady bright,
as ever man beheld with eye.
She gave me leave my selfe to try
the baliant knights with shield and spear,
Ere that her love she would grant me,
which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a Barron bold,
in deeds of armes the doubtless knight
That many dates in England was
with sword and spear in field to fight.
An English man I was by birth,
in Faith of Christ a Christian true:
The wicked laws of Infidels
I taught by power to subdue:

When hundred twenty years and odd
after our Saviour Christ his birth,
when King Athelstone wore the Crown,
I lived here up in the earth,
Some time I was of Warwick Castle
as I fed in here turne.
A Ladies love did me constrain
to see strange ventures in my youth

To try my fame by feats of Armes,
in strange and sundry heathen lands,
Where I atchieved for her sake,
right dangerous conquests with my hands:
For first I sailed to Normandy,
and there I sto my toon in fight
The Emperors daughter of Almanv.
From many a baliant worthy knight,

Then passed I the Seas of Greece,
to help the Emperer to his right;
Against the mighty Soldan's host
of puissant Persians for to fight.
Where I did slay of Sarazens
and heathen Pagans many a man:
And slew the Soldan's Cousin dear,
who had for name, Douglas Colbran.

Eskeldred, that famous knight,
to death likewise I did pursue:
And Almain King of Tyre also
most terrible too in fight to view.
I went into the Soldan's host,
being thither on Ambassage sent;
And brought away his head with me,
I having slain him in his Tent.

There was a Dragon
which also I my
As he a Lyon did
most fiercely met
From thence I past
and came to Favy
Where I the Duke of
his baliouous treason

And after came unto
towards fair Phelis
For Love of her I
to try my man-hood
But when I had espous'd
I staid with her but
But there I left this
and went beyond the

All clad, in grey in
my boiage from her
At to that blessed hely
for Jesus Christ my
Where I Carl Jonas
and all his for me
with the cruel
in prison for long time

I slew a Giant Amara
in battell fiercely slain
And down he Barhard
the mighty Duke of
Then I to England came
and here with Colbran
An ugly Giant which
had for their champion

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a Dragon in the Land,
 I my selfe did slay,
 And did pursue
 My priety the Land,
 I past the seas of
 to Flavy Land aight,
 the Duke of Pavv had
 a treason to requite.

me unto the Land,
 in Phelis Lacy bright
 of home I travel'd far,
 man-hood and my might.
 I had espoused her,
 th her but forty daves,
 I left this Lady fair,
 beyond the seas.

gave in Pilgrim sort,
 from her I did take
 blessed holy Land.
 Thence my famous fabt-
 arl Jonas did in deam,
 for his which were fifteen,
 the cruell dragons,
 long time had been.

any Amaran,
 terrible hand to hand:
 p Edward killed I,
 Duke at that same Land:
 England came againe,
 with Colbran fell I fought,
 as which the Danes
 at Champion whither brought.

I overcame him in the field,
 and slew him deas right ballantly
 Where the Land did then redeeme,
 from Danish tribute utterly.
 And afterwards I offered up
 the use of weapons solemnly,
 at Winchester, whereas I feught,
 in sight of many far and nie.

In windfor Forest I did slay,
 a Boze of passing might and strength,
 The line in England never was
 for buyen: he both in breadth and length,
 Some of his bones in Warwick ye,
 within the Castle there do lie:
 One of his shield bones to this day
 hangs in the City of Coventry.

On Dunmore Heath I also slew,
 a monstrous wilde and cruel beast,
 Call'd, The Dun-cow of Dunmore-heath,
 which many people had opprest:
 Some of her bones in Warwick yet,
 still for a monument do lie;
 Which unto every lookers bieho,
 as wondrous strange they may espie.

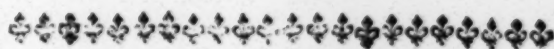
Another Dragon in the Land,
 I also did in fight destroy,
 Which did both men and beast oppresse,
 and all the Country sore annoy.
 And then to Warwick came again,
 like Pilgrim poore, and was not known:
 And there I liv'd an Hermit's life,
 a mile and more out of the Town.

Where with my hands I beto'd a house
 out of the craggy Rock of Stone;
 And liv'd like a Palmer poore,
 within that Cave my selfe a lone;
 And daily came to beg my food,
 of Phelis at my Castle Gate,
 Not known unto my loving wife,
 who mourned daily for her Mate.

Uill at the last I fell soe sick,
 yea sicke to soe, that I must die:
 I sent to her a Ring of Gold,
 by which she knew me presently.
 When she repaying to the Cave,
 before that I gave up the Ghost;
 Her selfe up clos'd my dying eyes;
 my Phelis fair, whom I love most.

Thus dreadfull death did me arrest,
 to bring my corpe unto the Grave;
 And like a Palmer died I,
 whereby I sought my life to save
 My body in VVarwick yet doth lie,
 though now it be consumed to mold
 Of stone were graven in stone
 this present day you may behold.

FINIS.



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